



# FIRE MOUNTAIN

BY NORMAN SPRINGER  
ILLUSTRATED BY WILL B. JOHNSTONE  
A Tale of Mystery, Treasure, Love and the Sea

## WHO'S WHO AND WHAT HAS HAPPENED:

MARTIN BLAKE, law clerk with a longing for adventure, gets a taste of it when his employer, JOSIAH SMATT, who handles some mysterious cases, directs him to carry a sealed envelope to

CAPT. WILD BOB CAREW, who is to be found in the Black Cruiser saloon at Green Street and the Embarcadero, San Francisco. While Blake is getting his instructions as to delivering the envelope, DR. ICHI, a dandified Japanese, sits at Smatt's table. While Ichi previously has been closeted with Smatt, a supposed book agent who Martin later learns is

LITTLE BILLY, a hunchback, steward of the brig Cohasset, apparently tries to sell a "Compendium of Knowledge." The book agent, however, lets his eyes rove all over the place as he talks. His attempt at a sale is interrupted by Smatt's summons. When Blake, with the envelope in his pocket, re-enters the main part of Smatt's office he has a sense of some one's having just left. That night, on his errand, Blake encounters

THE BOSUN OF THE COHASSET, alcoholically mournful over the disappearance of Little Billy, with whom he had started out to buy a birthday present for the brig's "blessed little mate." When Blake refers to Ichi and Carew, the Bosun, a gigantic, h-less Englishman, becomes suddenly belligerent.

MARTIN did not await the onslaught. He dashed out the door and boarded a passing street car. He sank thank-fully into a seat, as with his adventure. Something to remember, that affair with the weeping boatwain! But what was the fellow so sullen about?

Thus did Martin consign the boatwain to the limbo of memory. He was inside the street car, so he did not see the automobile, driven by a figure in gray overcoat and cap, that drew up at the curb beside the boatwain.

Nor did he observe that automobile's consequent strange behavior in persistently keeping half a block behind the slowly moving street car the whole distance to the water front.

The clock on the tower of the Ferry Building showed fifteen minutes past 3 when Martin dropped off the car at the foot of Market Street. He had plenty of time—it was then forty-five minutes till 10 o'clock. He turned and walked slowly northward along the Embarcadero.

Pedestrians became few, mainly straggling seamen bound for their ships. Across the way, the gleamers at the wharves were smaller, and here and there loomed the spars of a sailing vessel, a delicate tracery upon the blue-black starlit sky.

Martin speculated upon these last. He wondered what the brig Cohasset was like. He wondered what the "blessed little mate" was like. He visioned that surprising person who had such influence over rough boatwains—a prim little man with nut-ton chop whiskers, he decided.

So musing, Martin came to a by-stander that divided two warehouses. He crossed the alley, but lingered on the far curb.

The alley was dark, but he noticed, some distance down it, the outline of an automobile standing with lights hooded. He had a passing wonder at the presence of an apparently deserted machine in such a location, but it was a subconscious interest.

The next street, he knew, was Green Street. Those lights that shone on the next corner must mark his destination, the Black Cruiser saloon. He pulled out his watch; still five and twenty moments before 10 o'clock.

As he stood there under a dim light consulting his timepiece, there came to his ears, over the darkness, just ahead, a voice, a rich and throaty tenor, singing an ancient, lilting, deep sea chantey.

A-roving, a-roving.  
Since rovin's been my ru-u-in,  
I'll go no more a roving.

With Thee, Fair Maid.

Martin stood entranced. The song ended. A few softly spoken, laughter-tinged words reached Martin.

"The audience is requested to kindly move forward. Next show starts right away. Especially staged for young gentlemen of the law." Martin moved forward promptly. First the weeping boatwain, now the happy hunchback. It was a night of odd meetings!

"Ah, ha, my amiable acquaintance of the afternoon walks abroad!" chuckled the voice. "Is it thus he cools a brow fevered of too much Kent and Blackstone?"

"Well, it is a good night for such a cooling," was Martin's good-natured retort.

"True," admitted the other. "And other things than the law fever the head-heavy ordinance of quill pens and gum, the devious workings of the Oriental mind, the slithering about of fat and greasy varlets. Yes, many things fever the brow, and 'tis a good night for a cooling. As witness!"

Martin stared at the other. No reek of alcohol met his nostrils, as with the boatwain, but, none the less, Little Billy's cryptic jargon confirmed his suspicions.

Also drunk, he reflected. He told Little Billy of his experience with the mournful bosun. "Did you give him the slip?" said Martin. "Did you run away from him to become a book agent?"

"You do not understand," stated the hunchback with dignity, "it was but a manifestation of the wanderlust. Behold in me, sir, the fover, the argonaut, the adventurer!"

He straightened his slouched figure and attempted to strike an oratorical posture. He lost his balance and lurched aside toward Martin. He grasped Martin's overcoat.

Martin good-naturedly put an arm around the other to steady him. Little Billy, he guessed, was rendered dizzy by that rum and gum he had darkly hinted at. The hunchback teetered and clung to Martin's overcoat. Not for an instant did his tongue cease wagging.

"I am an explorer of strange lands, strange men, strange pursuits," he told Martin. "Behold in me one who has followed many occupations. A sailor—yes. A book agent—yes. Also, sir, rich man, poor man, beggar man, and cap lounged against a telegraph pole



"IT WAS A WOMAN THOSE CHUNKY ALIENS WERE URGING ALONG, A WHITE WOMAN—YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL."

thief. A wooz, a wizard, a king of legerdemain. Student, actor—But why continue?"

He had regained his balance and finished with a fine, sweeping gesture.

Martin was charmed, but also oppressed by his consciousness of the flight of time.

He reached for his watch and noted that Little Billy's clutch had opened his overcoat.

"I must leave you," he said to Little Billy. "I've an errand to that saloon on the corner. I won't forget this meeting."

"Good-by," "No, you'll not forget this meeting," responded the hunchback. "No," he repeated, "you'll remember me all right."

A figure in a gray greatcoat and cap lounged against a telegraph pole

across the street from Martin's destination. Martin passed it by almost without notice.

He stepped into a low-ceilinged bare and dingy room. A bat-towered bar filled one side, and before it stood five men in a row, attended upon by a heavily-paunched and aproned fellow. Martin accosted the last.

"Mr. Spulvedo?" asked Martin. "I wish to see Mr. Spulvedo."

The aproned man had a swarthy, greasy, fat face, this officer of the Black Cruiser, and moist, thick lips. Martin recalled Little Billy's reminiscence concerning the "slithering about of fat and greasy varlets."

He shot a glance out of the corners of his eyes toward the five patrons. The glance revealed five stolid, yel-

low-brown, faces turned toward him, five pairs of black, oblique-set eyes regarding him intently. Five Japanese! Martin sensed some connection between himself and the five. That envelope in his inner pocket!

"I wish to see Capt. Carew," he stated.

"Yals, you see hehm," answered Spulvedo.

"These way—come!" he bade. Martin brushed through a door, opened just wide enough to admit his body. He expected the greasy saloon-keeper to follow, but instead that worthy slammed the door upon him and turned the lock.

"Have no afraid," soothed a soft voice. "I make show he way to his hon'ble."

The figure moved, and the clutch on his wrist urged him to follow.

They moved forward some twenty paces, and encountered a stairway leading upstairs. It was not so dark here; a gas light burned somewhere in the hall upstairs.

His conductor released his wrist, and commenced to ascend the stairs. Martin, as he started to follow, noticed there was a second door at the foot of the stairs. He guessed it led upon the street.

They gained the upstairs landing and paused. Martin saw before him a long hall with at least a dozen doors opening upon it. As he had suspected from without, this place was, or had been, a cheap lodging-house.

"He, hon'ble, stop by here," his guide invited. "I go make prepare."

Martin shrugged his shoulders. There seemed to be many preliminaries to an audience with this Captain Carew. Through the door the Jap held open he saw the outlines of a bed, and a rag of carpet. When he stepped through the door, the musty air of the room smote his nostrils like a blow.

The Japanese closed the door, and the retreating echo of his footsteps sounded from the hall. Martin had not expected to be thus shut in darkness, but after all it was a small matter. He felt his way to the bed and sat down on its edge.

After a moment he struck a match. The flare revealed, as he expected, the meanly appointed bedroom of a tenth rate hostelry. The single window was shuttered.

There was an alien taint in that poisonous room. Was this Spulvedo

conducting this rookery as a Japanese lodging house?

A strange place for a sea captain to lodge. This Carew must be some rough renegade. Perhaps he was not even white; perhaps he was a half-breed.

Thus far had Martin got with his musings, when his attention was attracted by noises that suddenly disturbed the uncanny quiet of the house.

A door slammed, below stairs. He heard sounds of a scuffle. The sounds drew nearer—grunts, exclamations, footsteps.

They were coming up the stairs. In the hall outside a door was noisily opened.

Some one ran past his door, and sentences were spoken in a harsh, clicking, alien tongue.

Martin sat tensely on the edge of the bed. What was about, there in the hall? The scuffling had reached the head of the stairs; now it was opposite his door.

Several pairs of feet were making that noise. Martin heard a voice exclaim chokingly, and in English: "Let go—let go of me!"

It was a strange voice, a rich and thrilling voice and it carried an appeal. A man's voice?

Martin felt his way to the door. He must see what was being done to the owner of that voice.

He turned the knob and pulled and the door came open a few inches. There was an exclamation from some one who stood in front of the door! A clinched fist shot through the opening, impacted against the pit of his stomach and sent him reeling backward.

But in the instant he had held the door ajar he had witnessed a sight that caused him to ignore the pain in his stomach.

A group of little yellow men clustered about and urging along a single figure that slightly overtopped them; a figure clad in a gray overcoat. At the very instant Martin looked, a gray cap had fallen from the head and a wonderful mass of hair tumbled down about the gray clad shoulders. It was a woman those chunky aliens were urging along, a white woman—youth and beautiful.

(Copyright, 1922, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.) (Another fine installment to-morrow.)

## The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer  
TOM AND THE CEREAL ELVES.



"I Have Come to Take You to My Mills."

his back. Tom did, and they went on "Shut your eyes and hold on tight," said the elf. Tom felt himself rolling and rolling. He opened one eye for a peek, but couldn't see anything, so

he shut it again. In another minute the little man told him to open his eyes; they were there. Tom opened his eyes and to his surprise found himself in a large, airy workshop, flooded with sunlight. There were big men everywhere, working. Outside were large fields of grain and little men with plows and tiny horses were plowing. Then they went inside again. This time they went over to a small table where a little man was working merrily. They watched him shape the tiny wheat cakes which had syrup inside and coconut sprinkled on top, and put them into small boxes. When the little man saw the King he bowed, but did not stop working. Before they went away the little man thrust a box of the crackers into Tom's hand and bade him goodbye. They went on to other tables. They saw more sealing packages. They worked very rapidly, using a machine. One man put the sealed packages into the machine at one end and another man at the other end took them as they came out, all packed in cases.

Soon the King said to Tom, "It is time for you to go home. I will take you as far as the passage." They went off and soon came to the passage. "Goodby, Tom," said the little man. "Shut your eyes tight and you will soon be home." Tom shut his eyes and felt himself rolling, rolling, and the next minute he opened his eyes and found his mother bending over him. He saw he was on the floor. He laughed and told his mother about his trip with the King of Cereal Elves. Ever after that Tom ate his cereal.

Viola Weelock, age eleven.  
Brooklyn.

NCE upon a time there lived a little boy named Tom. This little boy disliked cereal. One day his mother gave him a bowl of oatmeal and told him to eat it. He was just about to say he didn't want it when he closed his mouth and opened his eyes wider. There in front of him sat a tiny man dressed in red, eating his oatmeal.

"Who are you and what are you doing here?" Tom asked.

"I am the King of Cereal Elves and I have come to take you to my mills and fields," said the little man. "Come, but first I must make you small." He touched Tom with his wand and off they started.

They walked and walked and walked. Tom thought he had walked for miles and miles. He was so tired. He walked slower and the elf noticed this, so he said: "Are you tired?" Tom said he was, so the elf told him to jump on until they came to a dark passage.

Dear Cousins o' Mine: We are going to print a special Thanksgiving number of the Kiddie Klub Korner and I want to have in it some good stories, poems and drawings by you.

I want pictures and poems and prose contributions depicting this Thanksgiving spirit, praising Thanksgiving and telling Thanksgiving stories both old and new.

Show Thanksgiving Day as you enjoy it. If you would rather, you may picture a Thanksgiving Day of the past; of the time when the Pilgrims celebrated the harvest feast with prayers and merriment. No matter which subject you choose, make your contribution as brilliant as you know how. And please send it soon.

I should particularly like to receive some drawings from our artists. It is a long while since they have done any really good work. Kiddie Klub writers seem to be running away with the honors.

Cousin ELEANOR.

WHAT IS IT? And still stands in one place. And it's like a person Because it has a face?

If you want to know the secret I'll tell it to you now, But you mustn't tell it To any one around.

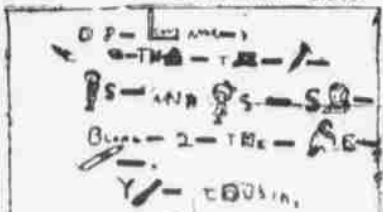
Do you know what makes a noise? Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock? Now you surely know. For it's only a clock! By Mollie Reiser, New York City.

## A KUTE KIDDEE.



JULIUS SEAMON

A REBUS LETTER. October Contest. Award Winner. Eleven-Year Class.



"DEAR COUSIN ELEANOR: I THINK THAT ALL BOYS AND GIRLS SHOULD BELONG TO THE KIDDEE KLUB."

"YOUR COUSIN, 'ROBERT'." By Robert Schwartz, New York City.

Honorable Mention. Helen Parnell, New York City; Caroline Webber, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Thomas Miner, Yonkers, N. Y.

NOVEMBER CONTEST. Subject: "Christmas Time in Our House."

Ten awards of \$1 each will be given to the ten Kiddie Klub members aged from six to fifteen inclusive who wrote the best essays on "Christmas Time in Our House."

The essays must not be copied and contestants must not accept help from others.

A note from the parents or teachers of the sender stating the composition is original must accompany each essay.

Write NAME, AGE, ADDRESS and CERTIFICATE NUMBER distinctly.

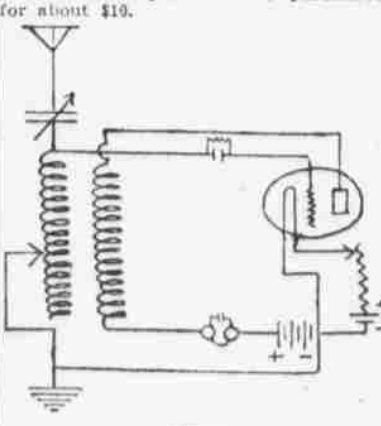
Address Cousin ELEANOR, New York Evening World, No. 52 Park Row, New York City.

## THE EVENING WORLD'S RADIO PHONE SERVICE COLUMN.

By Capt. Robert Scofield Wood.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. Smith—I have a crystal receiving set and want to make a vacuum tube set of the regenerative type with as few parts as possible. I have a vario coupler, a 45-plate variable condenser and a crystal detector. What additional parts will I need? I have not much money, so please don't give me an elaborate hook-up. Answer—The following diagram gives the hook-up requested by you: Get a WD1 vacuum tube, socket and rheostat, a 115-volt standard dry cell storage battery and a 225-volt B battery. By shopping around, these parts can be purchased for about \$15.



A. Thompson—I live within five miles of the station that is operated from Aetolian Hall and would like to know if a loop aerial can be used with a detector and two step outfit in receiving the concerts from this station? Answer—Under ordinary conditions a loop aerial used with a set such as you have will work all right with a loop aerial within ten miles of the station. Just what you will be able to do with a loop with this new station will only develop under actual experiment. If the loop will not work, 75 feet of bell wire strung around the picture moulding of the room will serve as an excellent indoor aerial.

Reader—"Can I use a variometer in place of a loose coupler in a crystal receiving set?" Will a 45-plate variable condenser in the aerial or shunted across the variometer give better tuning ability? Answer—The variometer can be used in place of the loose coupler for an improvement of the reception. Try the variable condenser both in the aerial and shunted across the variometer and be guided by the results. Remember, however, that the variable condenser in the antenna will shorten the wave length of the variometer.

E. M. K.—"Will you kindly tell me what advantage there is in connecting an 'A' battery potentiometer in the inclosed hook-up? Will you also tell me just how it is connected?" Answer—An "A" battery potentiometer is used in obtaining a more perfect balance between the A and B battery circuits, eliminating much of the internal noise caused by those circuits and giving the plate circuit a greater and finer range. The potentiometer should be connected across the storage battery and the movable contact connected to the negative side of the "B" battery, using 18 volts. This will give the plate circuit a variable potential from 18 to 24 volts.

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